

inevitable by reddieforlove

Series: [Mileven Drabbles/Oneshots \[8\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

It's almost midnight on New Year's and Mike is more nervous than he's ever been.

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Author's Note:

This is from a prompt on tumblr, to make up for the incredibly angstic fic I posted earlier.

If you would like to send me any prompts, you can go [right here](#). Anonymous or not, canon, au, fluff, angst, aged up, whatever you want goes with the exception of noncon/dubcon.

“Mike, where the hell are you?”

He glanced up from where he sat on Will’s old bed as Dustin rounded the corner from the hall, spreading his arms out in question.

“The ball’s about to drop, man. Get your ass out here,” he said.

He couldn’t help but feel a jolt of nerves, nodding his head once.

“Gimme a second,” Mike said.

“You don’t have one, Mike,” a new voice joined them and Max was suddenly there too. “El’s gonna be crushed if you don’t kiss her at midnight.”

He swallowed hard, his mouth suddenly feeling dry.

“Yeah, I’m coming,” he said, finally pushing himself up to stand.

He walked out into the Byers’ living room with them both trailing him, as if they expected him to bail any second. As soon as he saw El perched on her knees in front of the television watching the Times Square celebration, Mike took a deep breath and forced himself to relax. Everyone around them had their own significant others, from Nancy and Jonathan to Max and Lucas. Dustin even had his girlfriend over, even though they’d only been together a few months, and Will was sitting with his boyfriend. Even Steve was there, propped on the

ground against the couch with Kali of all people leaning against his chest, their hands entwined. They all looked happy, which made Mike happy too.

“Mike.”

Eleven’s voice drew him out of his thoughts and he approached her with a nervous smile, sitting down next to her before taking her outstretched hand.

“Are you okay?” she asked, frowning slightly.

Mike nodded quickly, reaching up to brush a stray curl away from her eyes.

“Just a little tired,” he said with a shrug.

She didn’t look like she was buying it and he didn’t blame her. He knew that he’d been acting weird all day but if she gave it just about half a minute more, she’d realize exactly why.

“I’m worried about you,” El said, squeezing his hand lightly.

He smiled at her, leaning in to press his forehead to hers.

“No kissing for another twenty-three seconds, you two,” Lucas called to them.

Mike responded by flipping him off as El pressed her lips together to keep from laughing.

“I’m good,” he assured her quietly, stroking his thumb over the back of her hand. “Really, really good.”

“No lies,” El said sternly.

“I’m not lying, I promise,” Mike said.

She seemed to accept it, though there was still worry in her gaze. Before either of them could say anything else, the others began counting down. Mike blinked and lifted his head for just a moment, looking around at the people they called friends, who were more like

family than anything else, before looking at El again. She gave him a soft smile as if she knew what he was thinking, reaching up to press her hand over his cheek. It didn't take long to get to one and they met in the middle, their lips brushing gently for a single moment before Mike's hand weaved through her hair.

As she pressed closer to him, deepening the kiss, he managed to sneak his hand into the pocket of his pants to pull out the object that had been burning a hole in them all day long. El sensed his movement and pulled away, a frown just starting to take shape on her face. Then Mike kissed her again, turning her hand over to press the small piece of jewelry into it. The light gasp he heard escape as she pulled away confirmed that she knew exactly what it was. But she didn't look down, keeping her wide eyes fixed on him as the others either kissed or cheered around them and the year on the television turned from 1992 to 1993.

"Marry me," Mike whispered.

It was almost alarming, how fast she began blinking tears out of her eyes as they finally dropped to her open palm. It wasn't much, since he couldn't afford an expensive cut, but he did the best he could to find her a sterling silver band with a single princess diamond set into the band. None of the others were aware of what was going on and he was glad for it as he watched her slowly trace the ring in her hand with one finger

"Mike," she said quietly, looking up at him as a tear slipped down her cheek.

"I love you, El," Mike said, reaching up to brush it away.

Her lip trembled as she smiled, nodding her head.

"I love you too."

"So?"

She laughed lightly, looking down at the ring and back up at him again.

"Yes," El said with a nod, cupping his cheek again. "Yes, yes, yes."

Mike pulled her in for a kiss, deeper than any of the others. He completely forgot about the ring until she pulled away with a grin, holding it up.

“Put it on,” El told him.

He did just that, watching in awe as it settled perfectly on her left ring finger.

“Happy New Ye-oh my God!”

Dustin had just thrown his arms around the both of them when he saw what they were both gazing at. With a gaping mouth, he looked between the two of them as they tried and failed to hide their giddy smiles.

“Holy shit!” he said, finally realizing what was happening. “Holy shit you guys!”

“What is it?” Nancy said, craning her neck from Jonathan’s lap.

“They’re fucking engaged!”

“Hey!”

That was Hopper’s voice. Even though they were all of drinking age, he wasn’t afraid to pull out a lecture every now and then. No one bothered to listen in this particular instance as they all surrounded El and Mike, giving them hugs and fawning over the ring for a good ten minutes. Even Kali looked thrilled, which didn’t happen often, hugging El tightly and giving Mike that same look that told him never to hurt her, not that he needed it. When they finally managed to escape the huddle, with El dragging Max over to her father with their hands clasped tightly together, they still couldn’t stop smiling.

“Look,” she said, holding out her hand so that he and Joyce both could look at the ring.

“The kid showed it to me two weeks ago,” Hopper said.

Mike flushed as Eleven looked at him, surprise in her eyes.

“Did you ask him?” she said.

“More like he told me,” Hop said, rolling his eyes. “Said it wasn’t up to either of us what you decided to do but he didn’t want me to be surprised either.”

“Oh don’t act like you don’t approve,” Joyce said, slapping his arm lightly. “It’s a beautiful ring, Michael.”

“Thanks,” he said, pulling El into his side to wrap his arm around her shoulders.

She leaned up on her toes to kiss his cheek and he turned his head, smiling down at her. They didn’t even pay attention to Hop’s grumble when El leaned up to press her lips to his. Mike couldn’t even remember why he’d been so nervous. It was him and El.

They were inevitable.

Author's Note:

Please please tell me what you think of it!